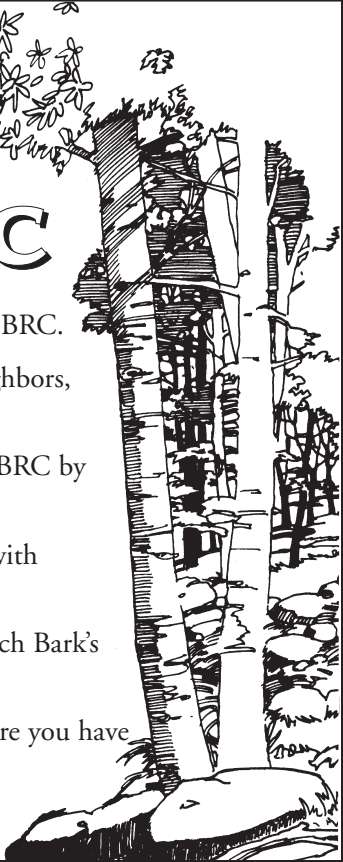


Mark Your Calendars
for 2004!

June 1	BRC Summer Office Opens
June 5	Work Spring Clean-Up
June 20	BRC Staff Orientation
June 27	BRC Opening 1st Session
July 11	BRC 1st Visitation Day
TBA	Maine Border Explorer Returns
TBA	Maine Wilderness Adventure
July 21	BRC 1st Session Ends
July 22	BRC Opening 2nd Session
July 31	Alumni & Board Day
August 1	BRC 2nd Visitation Day
TBA	Maine Wilderness Adventure
August 14	BRC for Boys Ends
August 17	BRC Family Camp Begins
August 22	BRC Family Camp Ends

It's
Easy to
Help BRC

- Send a tax-deductible donation to BRC.
- Promote BRC among friends, neighbors, family and colleagues.
- Refer a prospective camper to the BRC by phone or email.
- Host a gathering of BRC alumni with Directors Deering and Mattson.
- Send us news to include in the Birch Bark's Alumni News column.
- Ask us about our "Wish List" before you have your spring yard sales.
- Join us for Alumni Day-July 31.



ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

P.O. Box 148
Waterford, ME 04088

BIRCH ROCK CAMP



BOARD OF
DIRECTORS

- Becca Brewster
Carol Brewster
Seth Brewster
Toby Brewster
Barbara Cogswell
Steve Cogswell
Tom Clemence
Jill Gaziano
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Peter Herzig
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Karen Shelnutt
Bob Stove
Bev Stone
David Weeks



ACCREDITED
CAMP
American Camping Association

SPRING

2004

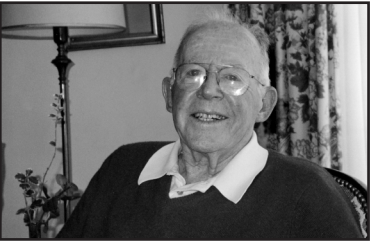
THE BIRCH BARK

P.O. Box 148, Waterford, Maine 04088
Winter: (207) 741-2930 Summer: (207) 583-4478
birchrock@aol.com www.birchrock.org
Rich Deering, Alumni Director • Michael Mattson, Camp Director

THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER OF BIRCH ROCK CAMP

ALUMNUS PROFILE

William T. Carleton In His Own Words



Dr. William Carleton one of
BRC's original campers.

Born in 1912 in Newton Center, MA, William Carleton graduated from Middlesex Prep School, Williams College and Harvard Medical School. Dr. Carleton began his medical career with a brief internship at the Worcester City Hospital where he met his beautiful bride Isabelle. They married in 1941. Needing to support his wife, Dr. Carleton joined the US Navy in the fall of 1941. His first stationed assignment was Pearl Harbor — arriving just weeks prior to America's declaration of war against the Japanese Empire in WWII. William Carleton cared for hundreds of injured during those horrific days, weeks and years. He returned to Worcester, MA in 1946 and began his own Internal Medicine practice charging \$3 for an office visit and \$5 for a house visit. He practiced actively in the Worcester Community for over four decades. Blessed with a wonderful wife and "my best friend," they raised four boys. At age 77 he left his practice but continued to work for 3 more years doing utilization work for Blue Cross until his retirement at age 80. Today William Carleton enjoys gardening, playing golf, visiting his 8 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren and the retirement community they live in Sudbury, MA.

He is uniquely one of the camp's original "13" who experienced the very first years of Birch Rock. This is William T. Carleton's own recollection of Birch Rock Camp - In His Own Words:

Birch Rock was two of the best years of my life...I was living in Newton Center, MA and went to the Country Day School where two of the teachers were Bill Brewster and Bartlett Boyden.... They decided to start a camp and had advice from a Doctor Emerson who was a nutritionist. So the selling point to my family was that they were trying to improve the health of young boys. My family considered me "peaked"- whatever that is - and so they sent me to Birch Rock...

...I got there and I was the bugler (bulging revelry) every morning. I got the camp up. Once a week, Onie would weigh us. The food was fabulous. I never ate such rich food in all my life. We had cream that was thick, wonderful stuff. But fortunately in those days nobody paid any attention to cholesterol and I gained 14 pounds that summer. My folks were very happy.

What did we do all day? We had rifle practice which was always fun. A fellow by the name of Henry Cullinan who was the Head Counselor did wood working and carving and that was always fun...There was a tennis court. Every year Bart Boyden set up a treasure hunt. I can remember the flat Lucky Strike boxes that he used to put the clues in and hide them in the crevices of the rocks. Everybody had a project to do. Mine was to build a bridge across a crevice walking down from the lodge to the tents. The bridge was probably 6 or 8 feet long...

One of the most interesting phases of camp was Uncle George (Howe). I thought he was old man at the time, but he probably wasn't older than 50 or 60. He would take us for walks into the woods and help us to identify trees, flowers, lichens, and mushrooms...He was a mineral enthusiast. He took us to Denmark, ME where he discovered an amethyst vein and he had beautiful dark amethyst which he col-

lected there. He took us to South Paris where there were tourmalines, rose quartz, garnets and feldspar and learned that they used to make bathtubs out of that ...He took us on trips to some stream where we panned for gold. At one point before, he got enough to make a ring which he wore all the time. We never found any gold.... it must have been discovered by others. Those trips were just wonderful fun for the 13 of us. We could go places very easily.

We went canoeing all over...the big canoe trip was to go down Long Lake into Brandy Pond and through the Songo Locks into Lake Sebago. We spent the night up on the hill overlooking the lake and heard some old ancient Indian legends....Of course, these trips involved cooking. Of course, we all the loved the pancakes that somebody would cook. The next day we would travel further down Sebago into the Saco River. The camp staff would meet and pick us up to go back to East Waterford. It was wonderful fun!

There were mostly tents. There was a lodge and nothing much else in 1926. There were probably a few more cabins. There was a wonderful mud bank (on the Crooked River) across the street. I remember we used to go as a camp together, and slid ourselves down into the river.

At the end of the camp season, we would spend the night at Uncle George's Cabin on top of the Hill in South Paris. The camp's Model T Ford brought us to the big hill to Uncle George's home so we could see the quarts and minerals that were embedded in his home.

I remember Bob Hall who was in my class at Country Day. I remember Bruce Brown who shared an office with me in Worcester later on in life and then we realized we had both gone to Birch Rock. He was voted best camper. I don't remember the other original 13 campers but I enjoyed being with them. Bart Boyden was a very nice guy. He used to sing songs in the evenings. He sang the song "50 cents." I am sure some of the songs today are from Bart Boyden.

Bill Brewster was a teacher at Country Day School and an excellent one. Shirley

Kerns was the headmistress and her son Allen – I believe – went to Birch Rock.

We did a lot of swimming, canoeing – which was good. I had to swim across the lake – The Duck. We used to go down to the Birch Rock to sing.

Chief was a very nice person and very friendly. Onie was a little stricter. She took her job very seriously...especially weighing us on Sundays. She was a lovely lady. Bart Boyden was an excellent fellow....John Cowin from Country Day School was a counselor I remember too.

I had a very nice week with Chief during spring vacation during my two seasons (1926 & '27) at Birch Rock. I went up with him and stayed in the farmhouse next door. When we came into the camp there was about 10 to 12 inches of mud that I have never ever seen before. We puttered around the camp doing odd jobs and we tapped maple trees. We collected a big tub of maple syrup. After we boiled it down...there was very little that was good.

I learned to get along with others and help others to get along. It was the best lesson I learned from Birch Rock.

The second season (1927) was not as good as the first. It was perfectly good, however, there was nothing wrong with it except the first season (1926) was just the 13 of us. We did more. We had more trips. With 26 people it was harder to lug around than with just 13.

Uncle George was one of the best things about the camp. His love for nature, trees and flowers and mineral trips were great. He made camp great fun.

One of the best things about camp with the founding 13 was that we did so much together...



1926 The original 13 Birch Rockers.



Wish List

BRC appreciates your contributions to the camp community. Some items we wish for are:

New or Used Chainsaws

A Tree Branch Trimmer

Used Automatic Pick-Up Truck

Old Push Lawnmowers

A Salad Bar (\$1500)

A Wood Splitter

New Life Vests (\$25 each)

Water Bubbling Cooler (\$250)

2 DVD Players for Movie Nights

Framed Backpacks

Two Man Tents

Baseballs, Tennis & Lacrosse Balls

Birch Rock Camp is a 501©3 nonprofit corporation. All donations received are tax-deductible.

Please contact us birchrock@aol.com if you might be able to accommodate any of these wishes.

Thank you!



What Birch Rock Camp Means to Me

By Senior Camper Matthew Clifford, Brooklyn, NY

A Pocket in Space and a Ripple in Time

Birch Rock exists as a billowing cloud of exotic birds. Every person, each intrinsically unique, sees one or two or even three birds that draw their gaze; yet all people, regardless of whether they wonder at the Toucan or marvel at the Cardinal, see this flock of birds on its simplest level, as a single entity. Birch Rock is the same for all on its simplest level: a summer camp for boys on a sloping hill in Maine. However, as many "Rockers" know, one can only see the bottom of McWain Pond if they dive in deep. They cannot understand the silent tranquility of the spongy floor by having it described to them, even in great detail; one must dive headfirst into the Birch Rock experience in order to truly understand what "Birch Rock Camp" means to them.

If Birch Rock were compared to an intricate matryoshka (the acclaimed "Russian stacking doll"), the outer shell (the one that encompasses the rest) would show Birch Rock simply as a summer camp for boys. This would not be inaccurate, but the inner layers would give you a better idea of the true nature of the place. The second shell would be a colorful portrait of the Birch Rock community. One of the things that makes the Rock such an exceptional camp is its indissoluble web of community. The deep-rooted "Run With The Pack" analogy deserves to be mentioned here, but I would rather compare our community to a colony of spiders, all working together to carefully lay a silken web as tight as mesh and as strong as steel. However, unlike steel, the communal web of Birch Rock is alive, constantly pulsing with the youthful exuberance and kindred spirit that lights the fires of communication and cooperation.

The warmth that pulse through our communal web is the heart of the thick, Birchwood shell that nestles in third among the multi-layered matryoshka. This shell is the impenetrable creed of Birch Rock, the ideology behind our community: *Help the other fellow, be true to yourself, shake a hand, make a friend, and look up, laugh, love and lift.* This ideology, annually expounded upon by decades of veteran wisdom, constantly defines and redefines itself. It also defines and redefines the character of countless campers who have entered the community as boys, and left as young men. This ideology is the casing that protects and veils the kernel of what Birch Rock, at its core, means to me: a glorious escape.

Birch Rock is not an escape in any conventional sense; it's not about running away from your problems. It's more about having the time to take a step back and look at who you are, and where you are, and make some serious decisions about yourself. Birch Rock is the corner gas station where you stop to check your roadmap and ask for directions. I know I've taken the time to check my roadmap, and I think I'm a better person because of it.

Birch Rock is a pocket in space, a ripple in time that's just beyond the edge of the earth; you can drop off the face of the planet onto a little hillside each and every summer and, when you land, you'll find a

place that's always changing, and yet a place that's always the same.

This is not so much what Birch Rock *means to me*, but what Birch Rock *is for me*.

Matt has been a camper at Birch Rock for six summers. He will be a CIT in 2004.

Join Us



2004

Aug 17 – 22

Waterford – Family Camp Directors Toby & Becca Brewster along with the talented BRC staff cordially invite you to join us for our 4th Season of BIRCH ROCK FAMILY CAMP. Experience a combination of recreation and fun with your family and friends, and enjoy the beautiful Maine woods on Lake McWain! Family Camp is designed to retreat and relax from the "work and school" world and rediscover one's enthusiasm for lifelong learning. There's plenty of "down home" cooking, children & adult activities and family opportunity to hike, bike, swim, canoe or just take time out to enjoy! Family Camp is also a wonderful introduction to the Birch Rock Community!!

All ages are welcome...and we hope that you can be part of our season this summer. For more information:

www.birchrock.org or
(207) 741-2930

